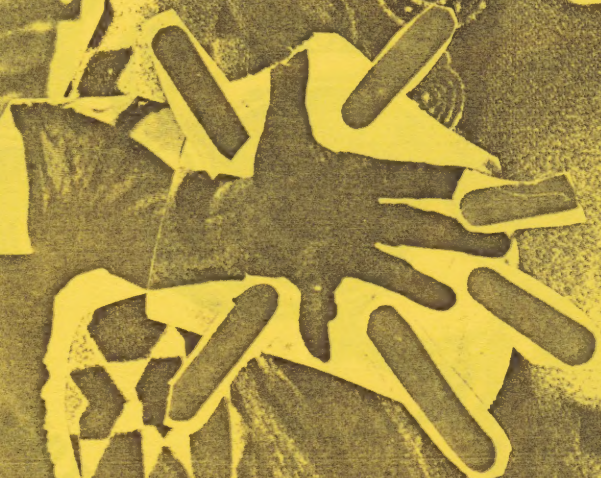


The Raven 9



ABSOLUT
DALLI



ALLEN VON UHRO 1994

Yep, back for issue #9 and suprise suprise, free cassette time. Although I'm sure you didn't like the jacked up cover price but that's what it takes to get you free tapes. And the format is a lot smaller. I have had only a week to get this baby done becuase I am going away for some time. While I am away though I will try to put more issues out but don't look forward to it. You can read about it in some pages after this. Well enjoy the zine and the CAT-SHIT-EATING DOGS, a couple of really cool dudes with fucked up minds. Piss.

"Frigid Freddy"

4 of 36

THE STAFF:

PLATH: RULER OF THE PLANET
STUART ENIGMA: MR. ENIGMATIC

PLATH AFTER TEN ROUNDS
OF PIG BOXING

Thankx to: Dave Schall, Sockeye, The Cat-Shit-Eating Dogs, Robert Winsom, Julee Pee-Wee, and the end of the world.

THE RAVEN	THE RAVEN	THE RAVEN
PO BOX 295	PO BOX 295	PO BOX 295
SCHERTZ TX	SCHERTZ TX	SCHERTZ TX
78154	78154	78154

While most of you thought I just read zines and porno mags, I do try to read books by authors that don't deal with present reality.

One of those authors is Philip Jose Farmer. Now I am no expert on Farmer, no Farmer intellect, but I have read the five volume Riverworld series and it opened me up so much that I thought I would tell you what it was about.

In the first volume, TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO, Richard Francis Burton, the explorer and not the actor, wakes up after his death in a chamber. He is floating in a prone position with billions of other bodies. Before he can do anything, another being, not of human origin puts him back to sleep.

The next time he wakes up he is on the Riverworld planet with everybody who died before 1983, except children under five and the mentally retarded, all bald and naked. Afterwards they grow hair but none facially. Soon he discovers that all the people are taken care of. They have all been furnished with metal tubes they call grails. They put these grails into mushroom shaped stones and three times a day lighting strikes these mushroom and ta-da, the grails are filled with food like steaks, steaming vegetables. Also little amenities are provided like alcohol, marijuana and dreamgum, a substance that resembles gum but when chewed acts like LSD or a bad aphrodisiac. They also discover that one cannot die on this planet. When ever you were killed or died, you were brought back the next day somewhere totally different on the planet.

Anyway to shorten this article, Burton teams up with a prehistoric strong man, a space alien, a science fiction writer framed in the image of Farmer, and the object of Lewis Carroll's ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

They decide to find out who is responsible for their being here. They begin to travel upriver. It would take over 60 years for Burton to reach his destination.

Burton realizes that he is getting close to solving the mystery as he is being followed by the Ethicals. It was the term given to those people who brought them back to life. He was told to flee by a renegade Ethical who wants to help Burton find the answer and stop the Ethicals.

Through the course of the series Burton finds out that the race before the Ethicals had no self-awareness. Imagine if there were no such words as I and WE and THEY. That race created self-awareness, a synthetic soul, termed in the series as a wathan. People really had no souls until it was created for them. These souls automatically attached to bodies when they were conceived and didn't leave the body until the wathan reached such an advanced ethical state that it could be absorbed into the Godhead, an eternal euphorious state of being.

The plan of the Ethicals was to bring back the people for a hundred years so they could possibly advance themselves to be absorbed. Those that didn't make it were to be cast into nothingness, by simply just erasing there memory tapes destroying the wathan.

The renegade Ethical thought this was wrong. So he recruited certain valleydwellers to go upriver and storm the tower the Ethicals were stationed at and destroy them.

The other ethicals were on to Burton. He fled them by committing suicide 777 times. On the last jump he was caught by the Ethicals and his memory tape was reviewed to find the renegade but to no success. Burton was to be returned with his memory taped erased and planted back with his original party. But when he arrives his memory is still in tact and the journey begins anew.

In the second volume, THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT, Samuel Clemens, also a recruit of the renegade, finds a little nation called Parolando. Here

Riverworld technology begins. His dreams of the best paddlewheel riverboat came to life when a meteorite full of iron lands on the planet, diverted from it's original course by the renegade. The nation builds Clemens' boat. It is armed with weapons to defend from thieves and also had a ton of luxury. But his partner in the deal, King John, steals the boat and leaves a pissed Clemens in Parolando with tears. Clemens promises to build a better boat to catch John and get vengeance.

THE DARK DESIGN, the third volume, starts with the launching of Clemens down the river. The inhabitants left in Parolando start building a dirigible to fly to the tower and plan to get in. Only one member can get in, only because he was very Ethically advanced. There is much spine tingling stabbing in the back as the book reveals that many spies are aboard the blimp and the renegade is discovered. He escapes the ship via helicopter and blows up the dirigible.

THE MAGIC LABRYINTH, the fourth and supposedly the last, Farmer virtually kills off everybody in a dogfight between Clemens' boat and the one King John stole. Only Burton and Alice and a couple of the renegades' recruits survive and venture to the tower. Burton uncovers the renegade to be a member of his party.

Burton finds out that the Ethical had slain the rest of the Ethicals and stopped the resurrections if fear that the his plan will be stopped.

Loga, the Ethical, tells the party that he stills needs them to help figure out to fix the computer so he again can start the resurrections now that the other Ethicals have been terminated. After Alice figures out how to stop the computers' death, through logic of Carroll's fantasy novels, the project is saved.

GODS OF THE RIVERWORLD, must be read. This gives the reader the final plan of the Ethicals. After Burton is convinced that the Ethical has gone insane he kills him. The true and final plan is to wait in the Tower, an artificial Heaven where everything that ever was is provided to you. The Ethicals on the home planet, Gardenworld, will come and take those remaining survivors with good wathans back to Earth for eternal joy. They only brought them to the Riverworld to fix Earth after it was destroyed by war. And it took a long time. They would stay on Earth until they were ethically advance to be absorbed to the Godhead. Then those of us who died after 1983 to 2008, the end of the world, would be brought to the Riverworld and so on.

It is a very enlightening book. There are many more little episodes and philosophies that are in the series that will make you think. This jagged desription is merely the basics. The problem with today's stories and especially TV is that it doesn't make you think, and this series definitley gets those cells in action.

This Zine Sucks #19/ PO BOX 7952/ West Trenton N.J. 08628 \$1.00

Man, if you thank your parents they must be really hip. This is straight across the board punk rock hard core. Can you say that boys and girls. Ints. with Jawbreaker, Bush Babies, Big Nurse, and Intensity. Lot's o' reviews and some poems. Congrats for lasting 4 years man.

Rollins Band "Live" 7"

Big deal. "Crazy Lover" and "One Thousand Tims Blind are good but they don't deserve to be by themselves even with no nice cover.

L7 "Smell The Magic" (SUB POP)

Yeah, that song "Shove" rocks me silly but why is it put on everything they have out? On 2 singles and this LP. These girls know how to please a crowd especially their male cohorts. "Deathwish" and "'Til the Wheels Fall Off" are the party's favorite songs.

"Love and Napalm Vol. 1" (Trance)

One arm of TouchNGo here in Texas is putting out the best sounds to date. This 7" E.P has got Austin's hottest ED Hall psychin' out a rippin' number. Also included in the tribal Crust and Pain Teens from Houston. But the needle loves Lithium X-Mas. Find it and find out why.

Sockeye "Coprophagia" EP

OK some of these songs are lame as shit. Such as "Coalminer." But "City" and "Dude" and "Chant" and "Introducing" are pure mad genius. "Funeral's over, let's go eat, Funeral's over let's go eat." Rock on!

RUDE STREET PETERS "Hellbent for Polyester" EP

Sloppy cow punk that slopped in the pig slop. How else you gonna describe 'em. They fell in the trough head first before they picked up those guitars. "Charlie Stomp" will slop you through the slop with the sloppiest slops. (826 A Broadway, Knoxville TN 37917)

EAR OF CORN #14/ PO BOX 2143 Stow OH, 44224 50 cents

The sloppy issue. Examples: The psychological ink blot cover. Looks like to me a hummingbird beak fucking a dolphin while stabbing it's wing and taking a shit. Ints. with the Meat Shits and volkswahle. Reviews and collages. Good readin while yer on the toilet.

Sound Choice #15/ PO Box 1251, Ojai, CA. 93023, USA \$3

Not a zine but a magazine. Sometimes the issues lose flavor but this ish kicks. ESP the GG Allin in prison innerview. Uh, Ian MacKaye and Psychic TV get some words in too. Plus reviews from conga music to vomit head churning music, so I guarantee you'll find interest in this.

WRONG CONCLUSION #4/151 First Avenue Box A/ New York City, New York 10003 - \$1.00

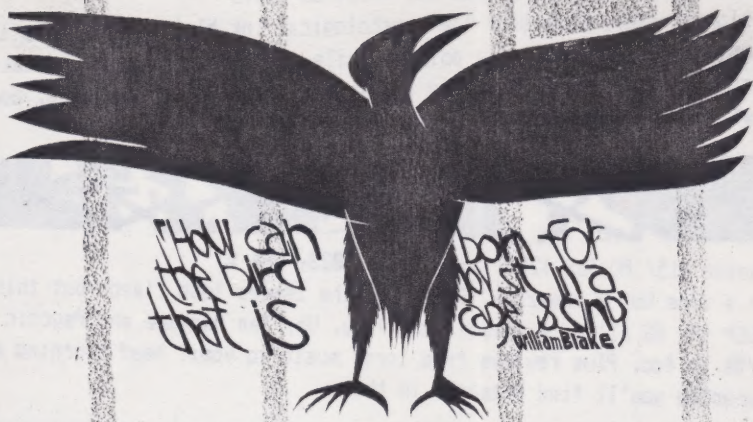
It has been a long time since the pukester put out an issue. The format has change from the nice paper to the thin type where the ink gets all over yer fingers. Excellant interviews, incl. are DEAD MILKMEN, 24-7 SPYS, NOMEANSNO. Lots o' reviews and comics and Buster Fishpond.

Suburban Abscess "Rock N Roll" Cass

Yeah, mainstream punk ala '77 I guess. Some really good songs and some relly dung lyrics. But I don't thnk that you would care because you can hardly hear them. Maybe a plus. Spraypainted tape will give you a change of pace. Drop these former inhabitants of Schertz a line to Allen Norris 307 West Tryon, Hillsborough NC 27278.

"Sugarcube Caravan" comp. Cass.

Well, Chapman has done it agan. I guess it is good to keep tape short so as not to disturb the quality of the cassette. Quality songs from the Dustdevils, Monster Magnet comes through with another scary tune and Evil Acidhead blows me away with those neighborhood sounds of cicadas at sunset. (Ugly American Tapes PO BOX 8433 RED BANK NJ 07701



Well, folks, just a few words before I get sent away and be caged myself. If I couldn't be human, (could anybody really choose what they want to be?) I have always wanted to be either a cloud or a bird. Why clouds? Clouds are so free and don't really have boundries. Birds can fly and be free. I could stare for hours in the sky watch those birds glide free in the atmosphere and wow! I just get the tingles.

I picked the name The Raven for that specific purpose combined with the dark imagery a raven represents. I have always wanted to be a writer and through this zine I am free and limitless to write about whatever I want. In high school when I wrote for the newspaper and the yearbook I was always suppressed by conservative teacher opinions. When I got to college I thought that I wanted to be a reporter. I started writing for the newspaper and though I found a lot of rewards, I also found a lot of disadvantages that made me change my mind.

To survive in this day and age you can take advice from MC Hammer and pray. But for those of us who don't believe in that sort of thing you got to work your butt off just to stay above the water.

With severe financial problems I found myself in a circle. In this circle there were many many roads for which I could of chosen to tread.

Unfortunately I picked a camouflaged road and found myself trapped. I tried to turn back but a brick wall was coming towards me. I can jump it but I will find myself sitting in some smelly jail.

To end the sob story crap, I will be gone for a long time and I doubt that I will have the chance to do more Ravens. I love doing this zine and have met alot of interesting people, discovered a lot of cool bands, and learned a great deal. Hopefully I will be able to keep doing the zine, maybe twice a year if I am lucky.

Like I said, I love writing. I would love to do some underground-type films and maybe move above ground. Woody Allen is one of my heros. I will definitely continue my writing, even if I have to engrave prison walls with my finger nails. My writing will keep me free. Like I said, hopefully I can

do movies. So if you see a video in some art rag or a book by Michael Broyles, buy it and support me. I do the same.

Another thing I like to talk about. Yeah, TV is the drug that ruins the mind. It is all controlled to control us. You think we are not living in a "1984" state? Just look around. Like the old saying goes, if the Nazis won the war we'd consider Hitler to be the father of our country. It is all in how our government writes the script.

I should be talking? Yeah, you can consider me a spy. Oh I have been brainwashed. Especially on religion. But I don't think brainwashing is the right term. I can remember when I was a little kid arguing with my father and grandmother about the existence of God. I had friends later after high school discuss the existence of God with me. I remember when I was 11 and went to a church camp that was out in a forest. We're sitting in a amphitheater. The minister asked all those that haven't excepted Jesus Christ in their heart to remain. I was the only one. After asking Jesus to enter my heart forever I burst out crying and jetted into the woods.

Simply said the TV owns us and the shows on TV are direct reflections of our government. Most of them are dumb and stupid. They also show the type of life the government wants you to believe is out there. How often do you see a failure portrayed without trying to grab laughs. They want us to believe that everybody is a hero. Every now and then we see a homeless special but everybody forgets about it once the TV is turned off. There are even ads about turning the TV off but only for an hour or so. The best reflection to show you is those World Wrestling Federation shows. Now there's patriotism

and politically correct people. There's the good guys and the bad guys. It's exactly like USA vs. IRAQ. Once the conflict broke out, you had General Akbar from Iraq the show his face. And we lap it up like it was a swimming pool on a hot day. You think the people on capitol hill are broke? Look how they get their cash? And I am afraid that if people turn off the TV and they don't get their money that Police State will be here sooner that we think.

THE PIGEON AND THE BUTTERFLY

There once was a pigeon who flew past my face
Sprayed a load of shit that landed on my face
Flew off and never came back to clean my face

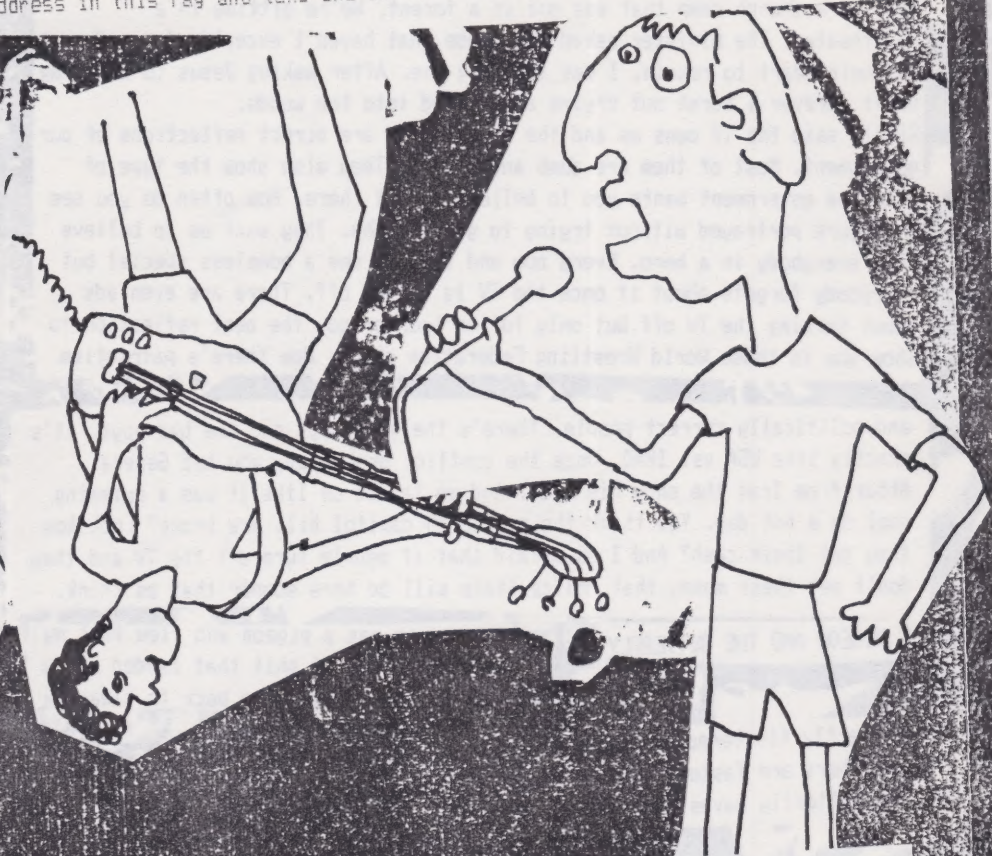
The butterfly fluttered with a lazy mans pace
Though others are faster they can't keep pace
For the butterfly waves and dangles it's pace

The pigeon and butterfly one day had one race
The end stood an award for victor of the race
I had the gun that'd start the big day's race

So pigeon started off with the faster of pace
I loaded the gun again and shot off it's face
So the butterfly fluttered on to win the race

Sockeye

SOCKEYE! The band that resembles America to the finest point. One day everybody's favorite, the next day those same peoples are trashing them and wiping the mess off of their new tennies. You want to find an excellant trashy ganashu punk band who doesn't care about you at all, find sockeye's hidden address in this rag and take one on the chin.



Birdboy: Do you consider yourselves brain dead?

Sockeye: Well, we try our best. Some day I'm sure we will be. but until then we'll keep working on it.

Birdboy: Come, on, who are you trying to fool?

Sockeye: Everyone who is too stupid to figure out what a bunch of fucking idiots we are.

WE SUCK
BUT YOU
SUCK
WORSE



Birdboy: Who are you guys?

Sockeye: Three low-life losers who hate everyone including ourselves. The band is made up of Greg Shit-Breath, guitar, Darrell Little-Tiny-Cock, Drums, and Dave Pig's Ass, vocals.

Birdboy: How you get so smot?

Sockeye: We take shits on each other daily and masturbate cows whenever we can.

Birdboy: You ever sniff glue?

Sockeye: Yeah, but we'd rather sniff testicles.

Birdboy: What is your purpose on Earth?

Sockeye: Picking our noses to see which of us can pick the biggest booger.

Birdboy: Why must you live by the songs that you wrote?

Sockeye: Because it's so much fun to blow loads of cum all over library books.

Birdboy: Religious views?

Sockeye: Greg worships Satan and Darrell, beer. Dave is a confirmed apatheist, but that's a differant story.

Birdboy: Would you consider assassinating the pope-sickle?

Sockeye: Only if it included eternal salvation in the bargain- or a pair of medium underpants.

Birdboy: Yer fuckin message to the world is...

Sockeye: Buy our shit, but if feces aren't you bag, buy our 7" instead. Seriously, we're broke, so buy several. They make lovely Christmas gifts.

Birdboy: Yer fuckin message for my pregnant sister is...

Sockeye: I bet the kid will have out eyes.

SOCKEY=HYMNAL

FUCK YOUR CAT
Fuck your cats
heard what I said
it by the tail

Lit
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two
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three to get horny
ill take 4 to go..

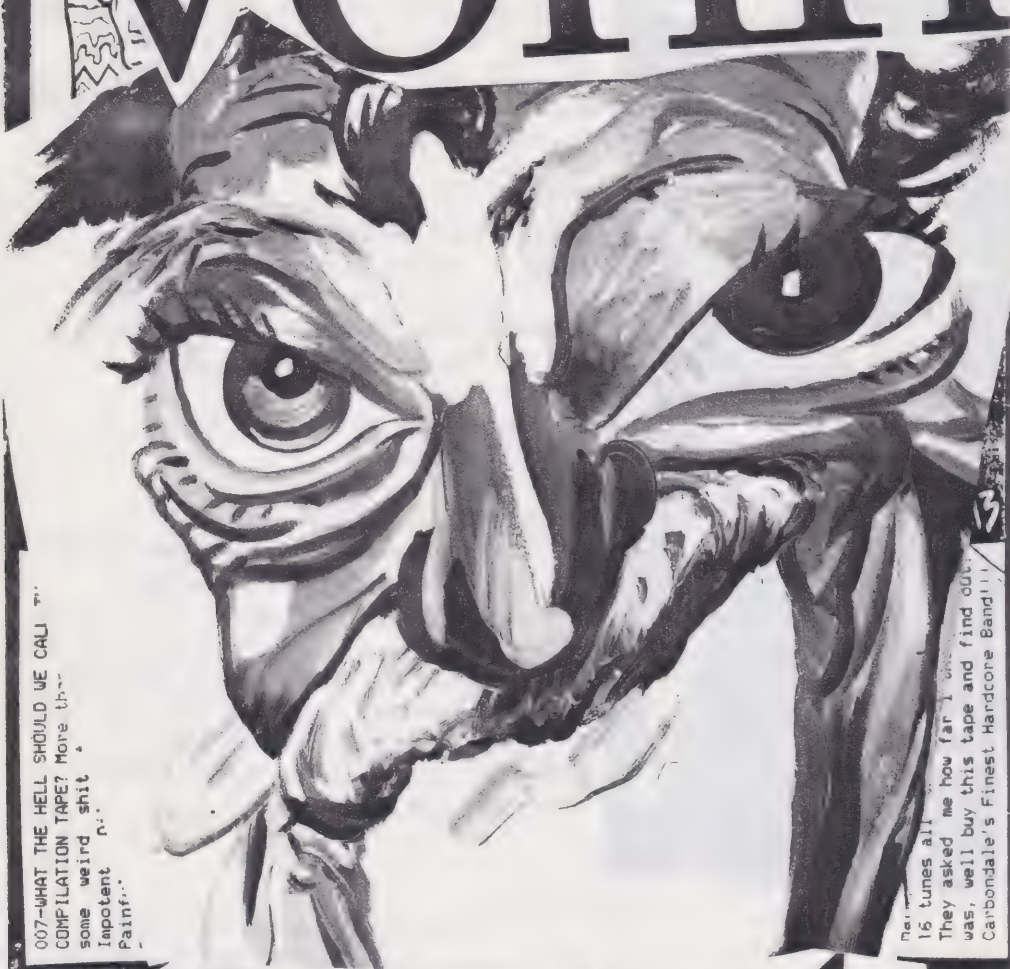
WHEELCHAIR FULL OF OLD MEN
c/o David Schall
P.O. Box 2143
Stow, OH 44224

Pluto pajamatop lemoistaru - bass, guitar, vocals
zotspep walltowallcarpeting - bass, guitar, vocals
cubscout. winkie - drums, b.v.

the whole fucking world
: I've been told
it might
like up all be alright:

Vonn

MY
HERO



007-WHAT THE HELL SHOULD WE CALL
COMPILATION TAPE? Move that
some weird shit
Impotent n...
Painf..

16 tunes all
They asked me how far I was
was, well buy this tape and find out
Carbondale's Finest Hardcore Band!!!

egut

USA
r tape
tape!
TIN IS \$5.99
MED

ST
18

ATRIIBUTE TO

THE CAT SHIT

Call them childish, call them immature, but please don't call the pound. THE CAT-SHIT-EATING DOGS are the coolest cats around with enough energy to run all the electricity in Texas for a year. Enjoy the tape you got with the zine. Write them, book them, pet them, they love the attention.

BIRDBOY: Who's who and what do you do?

BINGO: My name's Bingo and I play guitar and other things I need not mention.

CINNAMON: Yeah, I'm Cinnamon and I'm a purebred mutt and I do everything else.

BIRDBOY: So where do you live?

BINGO: In a doghouse.

BIRDBOY: How long you been around?

CINNAMON: Well, we've been living together for four years or so. I was taken away from a previous dog-beater, who named me Chili. My now master changed my name and introduced me to Bingo. I had a hard time adjusting, particularly because she wouldn't let me sniff her ass. After that was over with we got along fine.

BINGO: But we didn't become musical geniuses until some time after.

BIRDBOY: So what do you besides the band?

CINNAMON: Well we eat all the cat shit that Lucy Fig, the cat that lives with us can produce. Then we get our butts spanked alot to go with that. And we beg. And we sniff alot of ass.

BINGO: And I am a part-time student at CANINE COLLEGE.

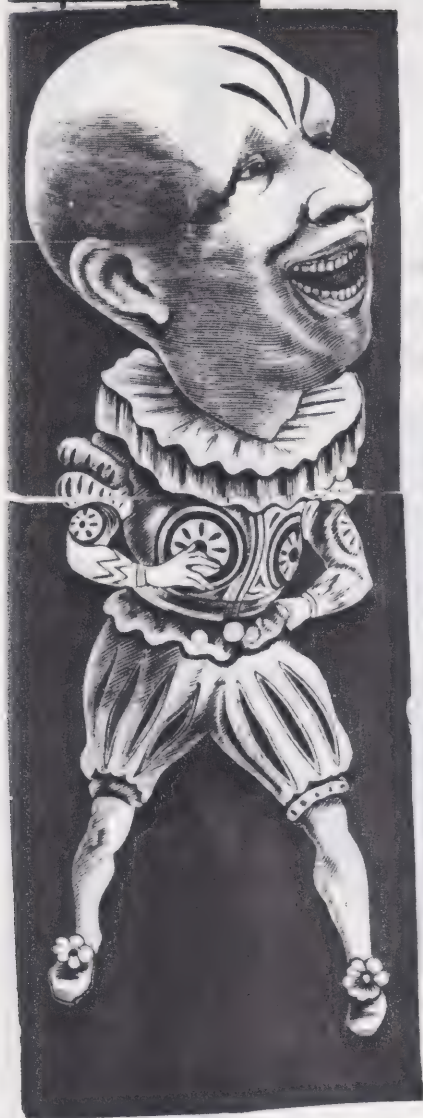
CINNAMON: An obedience school.

BINGO: And I am in the midst of writing my dissertation paper on "Female

Penis Envy: Why they Want me" to earn my PhD. in Doggy Psychology.

BIRDBOY: So how when you decide to form the first all dog band?

CINNAMON: Well, it wasn't like we formed a band per say. It was like we got together, saw some instruments lying around, decided to play with them and stuff like that.



EATING DOGS

BIRDBOY: So what are your songs about?

CINNAMON: Basically about everyday things mostly about the people we come in contact with when our masters take us for walks. Like Audra Marbach and this guy who insisted to be called the "Big Nigger." We also teamed up with other dogs, scavengers whose sole duty is to keep out of sight of the pound patrol.

BINGO: They are also kind of like a Canine Recognisance group that infiltrate various backyards and make away with some wonderful booty.

BIRDBOY: How often does your particular band get heard by other dogs or is it an isolated group.

CINNAMON: Well, all dogs here us because all dogs have this dog ESP and we communicate very easily. You sniff a dog's ass and you know their whole story. But for others were very isolated. It's

not like we can go up to club owners and promoters and tell them what we want because we bark and stuff. We are not there for quality or a better rocknroll lifestyle. We can be considered to be a project and not a performance band. I really don't want to be considered a circus act.

BINGO: And we're not there to make money because there is no money and where would we put it? We do go for fame.

CINNAMON: And dog pussy.

BIRDBOY: When and if you progress and become that performance band, how long do you think before you can open for Metallica?

CINNAMON: That's a long ways yet. Whenever Metallica can stoop low enough to pet us. We like to be petted, man. Woof!

BINGO: Petting and eating shit. It's not the kind of setting where by humans either. Dogs make out too!

Cinnamon: Yeah, don't pet your dog...No, pet your dog, not your date. We also like fornication. Where humans have sex with their animals. My master fits me nicely.

BINGO: One of the things Cinnamon is working on is cross-breeding cats and dogs using cat shit as a...

CINNAMON: We have this basic theory that eating cat-shit changes the orders of your DNA or your genes...it help your genes adjust to fit nicely with the cat's so you can have catdogs or docats.



CINNAMON: Yeah, I figure Snoopy to be a big influence. I mean he showed dogs how to be cool.

BINGO: Lassie was a great one. He showed us courage. I met him once.

CINNAMON: Yeah Lassie was a nice dog but he could only inter-react with humans whereas Snoopy could relate with all beings, even ravens I bet.

BIRDBOY: So what does cat shit do for you?

BINGO: Fills my stomach cause our owners forget to feed us and they trample off to their world and expect us to not need food.



BIRDBOY: How do you relate with your master?

BINGO: Well, if our master, not just ours but all dogs, don't treat us right, then why should we be expected to guard the house from burglars because they are just like them. They are robbing our happiness.

CINNAMON: Lucky for us we have cool masters. It is also like ethical treatment of animals we stand for too. I guess only because we don't want to get beaten up. I mean sometimes we can defend ourselves but only to a certain point.

BINGO: We're just miniature mutts with a lot of spirit.

THE STORY OF THE JOE THE TRANSFORMER MORE

It's like the "THEY" society always tells us, "Don't put those french fries in the motor oil can."

But Joe liked french fries. He was made of tin and the motor oil helped him not stiffen up.

Joe, with his only functioning eye, met this babooshka one day as he was pretending to be a car. He was in a rental car agency lot and the girl was a real radical. She saw Joe and thought, "What a gnarly car!"

It was a real shiny silver color and had no top. The license plate was actually Joe smiling. Joe had good teeth. The tires Joe stole off of an ambulance. The ambulance was on a body pickup.

The body was a 50 year old man who ate just a little too much McDonalds. He had a heart attack. He had to get to the hospital lickety-split for immediate surgery. Thanks to Joe McDonalds had to close down their doors for sixty-five years world wide.

Can you believe the amazement when McDonalds opened it's doors is 2055 as a total vegetarian fast food?

Th first of it's kind. Soon the whole world got caught up in vegetarian madness. Burger King and Wendys went to their grave after many firebombs and protests. Even the governments of the world turned vegetarian.

McDonalds still served burgers, but tofutti burgers and french fries in motor oil cans, Joe's favorite.

The world would of made Joe their God if they knew it was him that turned the world around. But Joe kept the secret to himself because who needs another religion?

Joe just liked pretending to be cars. He was one of them transformer things that children of the eighties glued their eyes to. People just thought it was the cause of some Japaneses with wild imaginations. But no!

Joe's parents landed in Tokyo in the late seventies from the planet Tralfamodor, the planet Vonnegut enriched our minds of.

They were on a mission to find their little buddy who was looking for intelligence but found something else.

These metallic creatures were trapped by Japanese scientists and paraded through the streets til they were brought to the scientists warehouse. All the citezens of Japan thought it was another Godzilla movie.

The Japanese thought "Wow, we could really ruin some American minds with these beings."

"Let us go!" demanded the creatures.

"Show us what makes you so tough and we'll think about it," the slant-eye scientists said.

"We've been studying your planet for the last few hours and we realize that all the people are going to kill each other off if you don't stop your tortuos and wretchful ways.

"We've brought solutions on how to stop wasting your natural resources and killing many innocent people," they said.

"How's that?" asked the curious Japanese.

"With our special recipe of french fries and motor oil you can evolve into superior creatures like us."

"Well, we are already the superior beings of this planet and who would want to be as ugly as you?" snickered one scientist who was balding, and had buck teeth to match Bugs Bunny.

"Oh yeah, now I remember seeing you on the cover of Gentlemen's Quarterly," the leader of the robot looking creatures said. The rest of the creatures broke in a bomb of laughter.

After the noise settled down they spoke again. "With this diet, you'll

develop machine parts, grow bigger and your mind will get so small you won't want to start wars."

"Sounds good," said a scientist.

"Once you start developing your new bodies, you'll begin to be able to change into different machines that will work in society. Let me demonstrate."

The creature transformed into a locomotive in front of the scientists, tooted his horn, and transformed back.

"By being able to transform you can stop wasting all of the resources on this planet and everyone would have a job. You could be a plane to fly people who can't be planes to other places. And you can't be just what you want. It is what ever your wathan let's you be.

"Plus the waste from the use of this diet will go to fertilize potato patches and after a few years the pools of motor will begin to develop next to the potatoes so you'll never run out of oil."

"Sounds good. But are you sure it works?"

"It works for me," said the leader's wife, Joe's mother.

"Well let us think it over."

The three scientists took three steps back, huddled, muffled some Japanese I couldn't understand and went to the scrimmage line.

They let the creatures out of the cage built to haul gorillas around

17.

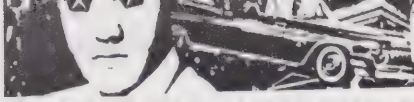
"It sounds good to us, but we still have to get it past our leader. He's a very touchy guy. But in the meantime we'll sit around and chit chat over some french fries and motor oil."

They sat around cracking jokes that nobody understood, except the one telling the joke, but they all laughed anyway.

Thirty minutes later three Japanese servant girls walked into the room carrying 50 pounds each of steaming hot french fries and a bucket of vegetable oil. The scientists did not have any motor oil on hand and they didn't think that the vegetable oil could hurt.

The metal beings grabbed hand-fuls of the fries, dropped their metal hands in the oil and through the prize in their metal mouth. They swallowed and then look at each other. Then they looked at the scientists with eyes of evil.

"You poisoned us, we can't digest vegetable oil, it eats up our systems!" the leader screamed.



INBRED

He brought down his heavy hand and smashed it to the floor. "This means war!" he yelled.

The impact of the blow caused a tiny earthquake in the city. Each one of those Japanese scientists shit their pants.

DATELO ABORTIONS TO BUREAU OF THE

Little did they know that Joe, the creature's offspring was orbiting the Earth waiting for his parents. When they did not show up for fifteen years he crashed his ship in Tokyo.

He crashed the ship by accident. He'd never set his finger on the controls before. He wouldn't this time if he hadn't eaten in eleven years. Joe was hungry and in his panic for food he tried to land the ship where his parents landed in their Individual Modular Transports. He meant to land the ship unharmed. Without the ship he'd probably be stuck on this god-awful planet forever.

He was strolling the streets of Tokyo with no one really paying him any mind. He noticed that he was far different from these miniature furnitures of flesh. The minatures just thought the film lords were filming another sequel to a Godzilla picture.

He was just strolling along when something caught his eye in a window. There were picture monitors inside with characterizations of his parents moving around inside changing into vehicles of war, the most awful of acts.

Joe stopped a citezen. "Who are these bad Porkchopulas?" That was the term to describe Joe's race. Like Japanese describes the Japanese.

"It's the Transformers! What? You don't stir fry in front of the TV?"

"Where can I find these Transformers?"

"They don't exist. It's just a figment of our leaders' imagination to destroy those sugar-coated minds of the Western world."

"But they do exist!" Joe cried. "Look at me! Look at them. They are my people who have been brainwashed. They would never destroy. They are bred to help."

The citezen just walked trying to make a cool departure in the new Godzilla movie.

Nobody payed Joe any attention as he sat on the pavement by the window crying tears of motor oil. He decided to head back to the stashed ship to figure out what to do.

He was walking back when a sixteen ton oil tanker truck lossed control and smashed into a busy McDonalds, killing everyone. Joe was getting his appetite back and his smell buds lead him right to the kitchen. Joe was munching hard on french fries and bathing in the oil. Maybe this planet was not so bad. He would throw a bag of fries in the small fire blazing. Joe does not like cold fries.

A few minutes of indulgence went by when the sounds of sirens were approaching. Sirens on Tralfador was like the lunch bell in high school. Joe kept skarfig hard. Come on, he hadn't eaten in eleven years.

Soon firefighters and policemen and many citezens surround McDonalds watching Joe. The firemen had to control the fire. They pulled out a firehouse. It would make the movie more sensible and Joe needed the bath.

Nobody tried to stop him as he walked off licking the fingers. Nobody wanted to mess with the hero of the new Godzilla movie.

Joe headed back to the ship. He thought he had at least call the mother planet and explain the situation. But he could not get right frequency. All he could pick up was a Japanese punk radio station. Joe like what he had heard. He watched the rise and fall of the fad in America while orbiting and was sad to see it go.

Joe took a deeper look at the radio and lost hope in fixing it. He knew that the only part that would fix the radio was in the hands of the boy Chrono. But Chrono was on Titan with the bird people and he could care less than two bits and a pile of shit for Joe. So Joe bombed the ship and set out to look for these Transformers for help.

Joe didn't know where to start so he thought that he'd start back at the window and wait for the images to appear again. He watched for hours on end. The days started to pass like a hock of spit out of a fast car. He watched TV so much that his eyes popped out of his head.

A lady with a bad hairlip looked at him as he groped for his eyes. "You thood go thee thethe three doctorth about that. They'll help you thee again."

She seemed all calm and cool but she was scared out her wig. She had never got to be in a movie and she saw this as an opportunity to get in a good line and maybe a laugh with that hairlip of hers.

Joe managed to get one eye screwed in fairly well and kept the other in his hand until he could reach professional help. He saw the lady had her arm stretched out holding a tiny card. "Thank you, kind lady," he said.

"Tith no thweat, kind monthter," she sputtered and walked briskly off.

Joe focused upon the card. "THREE SCIENTISTS, PANTY, CROW AND SMACK, WE WANT TO HELP"

Well, Joe did need some help and no one was like running up to offer it. Joe stood straight and transformed to his second form. It resembled a fly the size of a volkswagon. He buzzed over to a parking lot and sucked of four tires. Joe's wings weren't quite mature yet so he couldn't fly. Well, he didn't know if he could fly or not. He was just afraid of heights.

He fitted the wheels nicely on four legs, trotted with the other two and sped down the road. He was looking for 3865 Chunk King Palace, as that was the address of the scientists who would help Joe's vision problem.

All the young punk Japanese rebels tried to run Joe off the road in their German autos so they could look like hotshots in the movie. Joe, with just a flicker of strength, knocked the idiots of the road and sped to his destination.

He found Chunk King Palace on the 400 block. He turned right and picked up speed. The police saw this menace and sped after him. Joe thought it was lunch time. But no time for that. Joe was more interested in seeing. The cops kept following. But on the 3600 block their was a fortune cookie shop, so they pulled off. Yeah, so it's Chinese but they didn't care.

Thrashers Digest Mail Order

Not only because it would look funny in the movie, they needed their Japanese donut fix.

Joe found himself at the palace but it looked more like a warehouse. Three servant girls met Joe outside and showed him in and called on their masters. They had a guest.

The three walked out. Joe was holding his face like he had a black eye. "I bet this looks odd to you, but could you help me put my eye back in, please."

"Oh, no," one screamed. "They have come for our souls."

A weird smell came over Joe. The smell resembled something on Tralfmadador called "shit."

The three fell on their knees praying to a God they thought existed.

"What is the problem. Have I offended you?" Joe asked.

"I know it. They have sent you to make us pay for the destruction of the other two and being money grubbing slime," cried the one scientist who was on the cover of Gentlemen's Quarterly eleven years before.

"You're the one's that killed my parents and turned them into colorful destroying mechanisms of war that could eventually turn all of our intelligence to jelly?"

"Yes, yes. But it was an accident." The tears were puddling around their knees.

Joe was steaming. With the one eye in his hand he started moshing the three scientists until they were blood, pulp, and a just real mess. He saw this form of brutalization in America and thought that was to be done. It was childish he thought years later.

He sat down on the other side of the room to get over the shock that he committed a violent act.

"Maybe I didn't do such a bad thing. I destroyed my parents destroyers. I did it for my planet," Joe thought.

He raised his fist full of eye ball and screamed, "I did it for you, my fellow Porkchopulas! I will fight Porkchopula suppression."

Joe had only been on this planet for a short while and had already watched too much TV.

"I will destroy all earthlings in sacrafice and that sure is a neat painting."

A suit guy walked in as Joe was admiring his creative mess. "What's up pilgrim?" the suit guy asked. "I won't hurt you. I am here to help you."

"Who are you, an earthling?"

"No, no. I am Frederick Noitall, CIA. That is United States of America, boy."

"Oh, the home of the decadent rock and roll lifestyle."

"There you go," Noitall said.

"What do you want?"

"Well, I am on a mission. You see we at the CIA want America to rise again. And we figured out that our country is being destroyed by this new Japanese secret weapon that destroys the American mind."

BU
HAGGOT
JUVENIL
N
fanzine
comp tape
DIGEST
first
Thrashers
Compilation #1-Our

"Our first clue was the tracking of two tiny ships from outer space that landed here eleven years ago. We thought that it was just another Godzilla movie. But we were still suspicious. They sent me over here to find out. All I found out was that the project was destroyed by three clumsy scientists who probably didn't know their nose from a chopstick.

"They brought to their leaders this plan on eating motor oil and french fries and turning into machines. They leader laughed at them. But he thought what a cool way to make money off the Americans, thereby making enough money to buy their country from right under their noses and not even knowing it."

"So what are you gonna do about it?" asked Joe.

"Are you kidding? Nothing. I am having too much fun just lollygagging around with my four wives and sniffing cocaine. The best part about it is that I am getting paid for it. So if you keep your lips closed I won't destroy you with a squirt of vegetable oil from the squirt gun cunningly concealed in my left shoe. Deal?"

"Deal, as long as you get me to America," Joe said. Joe knew that he'd fit in over there better than here.

In a week Nowitall arranged for Joe to be shipped over to America with a shipment of heroin.

To this day Joe gets his kicks pretending to be cars. The rental car man never saw this car before and if it was new he was sure there was no paperwork on it. But hey, the girl was really pay cash to have it for the weekend.

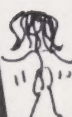
She signed some paper full of small print, hopped in the car and sped out of the parking lot. As she was driving she thought she lost control when the shiny silver car made a violent sharp turn into a deserted alley. Joe squeaked and squashed the bitch to pulpy mess. He then drove himself to a car wash for a bath.

Hank, the used sno-cone dealerman at the car wash couldn't believe this new American technology. "What'll they think of next? Maybe solutions to unemployment?"

THERE WAS
THIS
Girl Twinkles



Twinkles loved
to shake
her thing



ONE DAY A RING
fell out of her
things

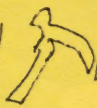


IT WAS SO PURTY
she put it on her
finger.

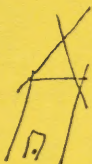
Soon she thought
the ring wasn't
the only thing
up there



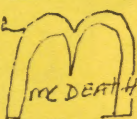
A couple days later
a hammer fell
out



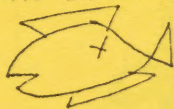
She decided to
fix her broken
down house



One day at
restaurant



A Tuna fish slipped
And slid down her leg



She decided not to
order the tuna



— NO!

Later on the tube
She learned of tuna
poisoning



She figured whatever
fell out was a message
To act.



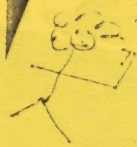
To be or
Not to be...

ONE Day a Gun
fell out. She couldn't
figure the message



She pulled the trigger on
the roomate. Scream! Not
the answer!

figuring she failed she
put the gun to her
head. Right answer



That morning before
scream shook her
butt



and out popped
coffin and saw
filmmakers.

